

[Acceleration](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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Summary:

Lance goes to a party, makes some terrible parking decisions, and gets his car stuck in half-a-foot of mud.

It's a disaster—well, almost a disaster. There does happen to be this incredibly hot dude determined to fix Lance's car problems.

Acceleration

Author's Note:

Once again, I'm taking out my car problems on fictional characters.

In real life, it was my mom's friend Bill, not Shiro, but I would've preferred Shiro.

By sophomore year, Lance had become a little disenchanted with house parties. He liked the loud music, liked the crowds of people, and he wasn't even bothered by the shitty drinks because he didn't have anything to compare them to. But lately, every house party ended with someone's neighbor calling in a noise complaint, a drunk person nearly puking on him, or a large, angry-looking dude getting pissed at Lance for hitting on his girlfriend.

Or, you know, his car getting stuck in the mud as he was trying to leave the house.

See, here's the thing: Lance *had* fleetingly thought, "hey, maybe I shouldn't park my car in the grass, because it just rained for a week and the ground is all soggy and it'll sink in," but then, after that, he'd thought, "ah, fuck it, my car can't be that heavy."

Apparently, his car could be that heavy.

After a couple attempts at backing out which only led to the front tires spinning and his engine growling disturbingly, Lance shut the car off, leaned forward, and dropped his head to the steering wheel.

"Fuck."

Why the hell did this kind of bullshit keep happening? Lance tried to think if he'd done something to fuck over his karma, but there wasn't anything coming to mind. Maybe he'd just run out of luck.

He had a few options. One: call Hunk, wake him up, ask him to drive his Jeep out and listen to him complain about Lance's shenanigans. Two: call for roadside assistance, which always took like forty-five minutes and normally involved an awkward conversation with a tow-truck driver. Three: go back inside and see if somebody happened to have a truck that could pull Lance out of this hot goddamn mess.

He went with option three, because it seemed like the least humiliating, that is, until he ended up talking to the first drunk frat boy he could find, because Lance wasn't above stereotyping. He got laughed at for his troubles, and then drunko was telling him to hold on a sec and yelling across the room for his friend, who apparently had a trailer hitch, and oh god, Lance was going to be stuck here forever.

He was about to abandon all hope and piss off his best friend who already didn't get enough sleep, when he heard someone say, "I could just push you out," over the din.

Lance turned, expecting another wasted frat boy who was using his Ford to compensate for his insecurities, but that wasn't quite what he got. Instead, he found himself staring at an actual Adonis, who looked big enough to just *lift* Lance's sedan. That would have been enough to get him drooling on its own, but the guy was *also* straight-up gorgeous, face-wise, and it had Lance stuttering, "wait, what, uh, um, yeah, that would, yeah," instead of saying, you know, actual human speech.

Tall, dark, and absolutely devastatingly handsome just laughed and nudged him toward the door. "Lead the way," he said, and Lance hadn't had a drink all night, but he still swayed a little bit when he started for the door.

"I'm Lance, by the way," he said, extending a hand just after they left the party blaring behind them.

"Shiro," he said, "pleasure to meet you." Shiro's hand was warm and just a little callused, and *god*, couldn't he have at least had sweaty hands or something? Anything, to keep Lance from falling right the heck in love with him?

Lance managed to avoid saying *the pleasure's all mine* or something equally stupid because he was busy pointing out his car, recognizable only by the fact that he'd left his headlights on while ducking back into the building. Shiro whistled, long and low, as they got closer, like he was impressed with Lance's terrible parking job.

"Yeah, you're pretty stuck," he said, and then, before Lance could roll his eyes, "I can probably still get you out, though."

"I think you could throw my car all the way down the road," Lance said.

Shiro laughed, and it was prettier when he was laughing at Lance's joke instead of at Lance. "I'm not Superman, Lance, but thank you. That's pretty flattering." Shiro rubbed at the short hair at the back of his neck and it made his bicep bunch up and it also made Lance's heart stop for a few seconds.

"Could'a fooled me." He unlocked his car door and then paused, realizing he had absolutely no idea how this was supposed to happen. "Uh. What do I...?"

Shiro circled around to the front of the car, his shoes squishing in the mud, the headlights making his cheekbones look even sharper, and oh god, Lance had to stop. "Put it in reverse and I'll push from the front," he said, "on three, hit the gas, okay?"

Lance dropped into the driver's seat and rolled the window down, sticking his head out to yell at Shiro. "You ready?"

No, Lance wasn't ready, but that was beside the point.

It all went as planned—Shiro counted down, Lance moved his foot from the brakes to the gas, his engine made its usual protests—until the tires spun and spun and his car stayed in place. He could hear the wheels kicking up mud, and then he could see it, splattering the windshield and Shiro's left side, shit, Lance put the car back in park and threw the door open again.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry!"

Shiro shook his head, flicking a glob of mud off his cheek like he was trying not to be obvious about it. "It's fine," he said, "seriously, don't worry about it."

"No, dude, you're such a mess, I can't believe I made you—"

"Nah. I wanted to help." He had a streak of mud smeared right across his nose and it'd be cute if it hadn't been inflicted on him by Lance and Lance's terrible car and Lance's terrible decisions.

"Okay, well, I just... *thank you*," Lance said, "I guess, uh, I'm just gonna call for somebody to pull me out of here, I think I need professional help."

Shiro frowned, the kind of determination that Lance usually associated with TV paramedics crossing his face. "No, I've *got this*," he said. "Just wasn't the right approach. Put it in neutral, I'll just do you from behind."

You can do me from behind anytime.

No. Stop it, Lance.

"Alright, yeah," he said, "and then what?"

"Once I get you out, just circle around between those two trees, and get back on the driveway," Shiro said, pointing vaguely to the left, where Lance could see something that looked kind of like trees, but mostly darkness. Don't hit a tree, Lance. Easier said than done, Lance.

Lance went along with it, even though he really wasn't sure how this was gonna be better, his hands getting a little shaky as he got behind the wheel again, putting the car into gear and not expecting it even a little bit when Shiro pushed on his car and *rocked* the whole thing, nearly sending Lance flying into his steering wheel. It didn't dislodge him, but Shiro shoved at the car again, rocking it back and forth a couple times and Lance tried very hard not to think about how this was exactly how it would be moving if Shiro was in here underneath him in the driver's seat.

Lance may not have succeeded in escaping from his fantasies, but he did succeed in freeing his car, and he pulled it around to the driveway, sticking his head out the window to cheer.

"You did it! You actually did it, oh my god, you're like, my hero!"

Shiro approached and leaned on the edge of the driver's side window, ducking his head to look in at Lance because it was a long way down on his tiny-ass car. "Told you I could," he said, a satisfied smile stretching ear-to-ear across his face.

"Yeah, yeah, should've believed you, Superman."

Shiro glanced at the house and then back at Lance. "Hey, let me give you my number. You know, in case you get stuck again."

Lance immediately went through the gymnastics of getting his phone out of the front pocket of his skinny jeans while he was sitting down, saying, "yeah! Yes. Definitely." He came very close to dropping his phone out the window of his car, and then decided to just open the door and step out, because it was less weird than talking through the window like that.

He leaned in close enough that some of the half-dried mud on the sleeve of Shiro's shirt got on his arm, but, more importantly, he watched Shiro enter his contact info into Lance's phone with his name listed as "Takashi Shirogane," which was... huh?

"Takashi?"

"Yeah," he said, "Shiro's a nickname." He handed Lance his phone back, and Lance wasn't sure if he was imagining it, but his phone case felt a little bit warmer after being in Shiro's hands.

"Seriously, thank you," Lance said, passing his phone back and forth between his hands while he spoke, "I, uh, I should buy you coffee or something, as payback, you know?"

Shiro rested his elbow on Lance's car and it shifted him closer to Lance, who froze, his phone dangling precariously from his fingertips. "You don't have to do that," he said, and when he shrugged, Lance's shoulder pressed against his bicep. "I'd rather you let me take you out, anyway."

Lance knew it wasn't physically possible to jump right out of your skin, but that's what he felt like he was about to do anyway. "*What?*"

"Oh, sorry. Am I reading this wrong?" Shiro asked, punctuating it with a nervous chuckle.

"What, no! God, no. I just wasn't expecting you to, you know," as he paused to take a breath, he settled a hand on Shiro's side, gentle, a little bit unsure. "These kinds of parties don't normally end in me getting asked out by, uh, well, anyone, much less... you. I didn't think you'd be interested in me."

"That's a shame," Shiro said, with a smile that lit up the dark. Hot damn. Lance was tempted to ask if Shiro wanted to come home with him, except for the part where he was still trying very hard not to wake up his roommate in the middle of the night. He found himself drifting closer to Shiro anyway, felt the grit of the dirt on Shiro's arm as he wrapped it around his shoulder.

This is the part where you kiss him, Lance, he told himself, because Shiro was so close, his forehead was nearly brushing Lance's, watching him carefully, waiting for him to lean in and close his eyes and—

Oh.

Wow, Shiro's mouth was nice. He was warm and soft and he held Lance a little closer for just a second. It was over, in Lance's opinion, way too fucking soon. But it was sweet and perfect and okay, it was maybe the best first kiss ever.

"I'll talk to you soon?" Shiro's voice was soft and if he'd taken a second longer to say it, Lance wouldn't have heard him over the sound of somebody honking at him to stop taking up the driveway. Lance just glared at their headlights and hoped they were telepathic and could hear him mentally yelling at them to fuck off.

"Yeah," he said, pulling the car door open a few inches. "yeah, I'll call you. Or, text you. Probably text you."

Shiro gave him this indulgent smile, like Lance was just as charming as he pretended to be. "Okay. Get home safe—don't drive into any more mud puddles."

"I'll park in an actual designated space, I promise."

The impatient asshole behind them honked again, but Shiro ignored them and took his good sweet time kissing Lance goodbye.

Author's Note:

Visit me on tumblr @luddlestons!